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all new

FIGHTIN' MAIRINES

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IT WAS GUADALCANAL, AUGUST, 1942, WHEN PFC. JIM LIMONETTI STORMED ASHORE WITH THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION... HIS SQUAD WAS ON THE BEACH... GETTING AMMO AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES IN TO THE MARINES ENGAGED IN A DESPERATE BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL ON THAT HOSTILE ISLAND! JIM HAD NEVER CONSIDERED HIMSELF A COWARD UNTIL THAT FIRST BIG MORTAR HIT A FEW FEET AWAY AND THEN THE JAPS CAME OUT OF THE THICK WALL OF JUNGLE!

THE LEMON MARINE



Per Boyer

D-5988

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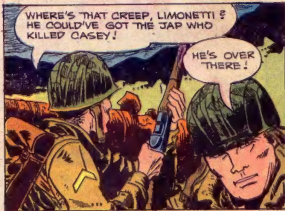
SUDDENLY...A MORTAR
ALMOST SMASHES
LIMONETTI'S EARDRUMS!



LIMONETTI LIES
DAZED IN THE SAND
AS THE JAPS
CHARGED....



WHERE'S THAT CREEP, LIMONETTI?
HE COULD'VE GOT THE JAP WHO
KILLED CASEY!



HE'S OVER
THERE!

THE JAPS ARE WITHDRAWING!



THEY'LL BE BACK..
BUT IT'LL GIVE ME
TIME TO HAVE
A LITTLE CHAT
WITH
THAT LIMONETTI!

LIMONETTI WASN'T SMALL...AND HE WAS STRONG, BUT WHEN A MARINE THREE INCHES SHORTER AND THIRTY POUNDS LIGHTER WENT AFTER HIM, LIMONETTI DIDN'T EVEN PUT UP HIS HANDS...

RUN OUT ON US, WILL YA... YOU YELLA PUNK!

THUD



LIMONETTI.. HE'S NAMED RIGHT... HE'S A LEMON... ALL YELLOW!

START BRINGIN' UP AMMO.. WE NEED .30 CAL. AND GRENADES!



LOOK, SARGE.. GIVE ME A CHANCE IN THE LINE! WHEN I RAN.. I..

MOVE OUT, LIMONETTI!



SO LIMONETTI CONTINUED AS A 'GOFER'.... LUGGING AMMO... BRINGING UP HOT CHOW FOR THE MARINES WHO DID THE FIGHTING!

I'VE HAD IT.. WHEN HE FIRES THAT GUN.. I'LL GO OFF LIKE A BOMB!





THEN, AFTER THREE MONTHS OF BITTER FIGHTING, LIMONETTI'S OUTFIT WAS RELIEVED BY U.S. ARMY TROOPS AND THEY HEADED SOUTH TO CONVALESCENCE AND GET RESUPPLIED!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

WHY DON'T YOU
PUT IN FOR A
TRANSFER...
NOBODY WANTS
YOU IN THIS
OUTFIT!

I TRIED...
THEY SAY
I'M JUST
TRYING TO
GET OUT OF
A COMBAT
OUTFIT!



THEY MARCHED... LIMONETTI ENDURED WHILE HIS
TORMENTORS DROPPED IN THE AUSTRALIAN HEAT!
THEY WENT TO THE RIFLE RANGE... IRONICALLY, JIM
LIMONETTI ALWAYS FIRED 'EXPERT'!

LEMON'S THE BEST MARKSMAN
IN THE PLATOON... AND HE'S TOO
CHICKEN TO USE THE RIFLE IN
COMBAT!



THE CASUALTIES WERE COMING OUT OF
THE HOSPITAL... SOME MARINES RE-
JOINED ABLE COMPANY BEFORE THEY
WERE COMPLETELY HEALED... LIKE
CPL. DUGAN WHOSE LEG WAS STILL
WEAK!



SATURDAY AFTERNOON
..THE GUYS ARE GOIN'
TO THE BEACH.. GIMME
A LIFT UP TO THE TRUCK,
LEMON!

SURE!

IF LEMON EVER HAD THE GUTS
AND GOT MAD ENOUGH... HE COULD
WHIP ANYBODY IN THE BATTALION!



THEY'D BEEN WARNED TO WATCH FOR
STONEFISH (FATAL IF STEPPED ON)
CROCODILES AND VARIOUS OTHER
AUSTRALIAN CRITTERS....

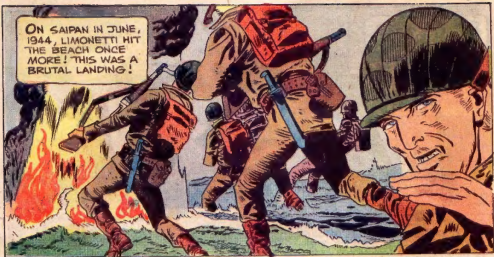


DUGAN
!





ON SAIPAN IN JUNE, 1944, LIMONETTI HIT THE BEACH ONCE MORE! THIS WAS A BRUTAL LANDING!



HE WAS STUNNED FOR A MINUTE ... LONG ENOUGH TO ADD TO HIS REPUTATION WITH HIS FELLOW MARINES ...

THERE'S THE LEMON KID...TRYING TO HIDE HIS HEAD IN THE SAND WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTS!



SAIPAN WAS LIKE GUADACANAL AND THE OTHER ISLANDS THEY'D HIT.. LEMON PACKED AMMO, SUPPLIES, HELPED WITH THE WOUNDED!

MOVE IT LEMON.. YOU'RE DRAWING FIRE AT THE REST OF US!



LIMONETTI WAS LUCKY..HE DIDN'T GET HIT..THE REST OF THE OUTFIT WHO DID GET WOUNDS WERE BITTER AT THIS!

THEN, IT WAS FEB. 1945, AND 22,000 JAPANESE WERE WAITING ON AN ISLAND FIVE MILES LONG AND TWO AN A HALF MILES WIDE...THE NAME WAS IWO JIMA ..AND FOR THE MARINES IT WAS HELL!

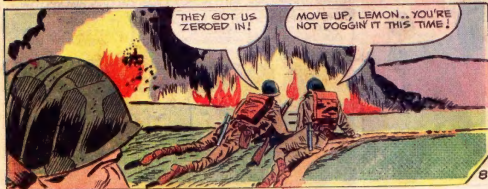
THIS IS MY THIRD PURPLE HEART... BUT LEMON AIN'T EVEN GOT A SCRATCH!

WHY SHOULD HE? HE AIN'T IN THE WAR LIKE THE REST OF US!



THEY GOT US ZEROED IN!

MOVE UP, LEMON.. YOU'RE NOT DOGGIN' IT THIS TIME!



THE COARSE BLACK SANDS OF THE BEACHES GAVE WAY TO VOLCANIC ROCKS .. WITH THE JAPS IN PILL BOXES AND GUN EMPLACEMENTS INFLECTING HEAVY LOSSES ON THE MARINES!

SOMEBODY.. HAS TO.. COUGH...
NEUTRALIZE THOSE MORTAR
AND MACHINE GUNS...

THIS TIME
LIMONETTI
BUGGED
OUT IN THE
DIRECTION
OF THE
ENEMY!

I'LL STOP
THOSE
MORTARS TOO!

LIKE A CRAZY
MAN.. THE LEMON
SET OUT TO
PUNISH THE JAPS!

WHEN THE SMOKE OF BATTLE CLEARED FIVE WEEKS LATER, LIMONETTI WAS NOT ONE OF THE 4,644 MARINES KILLED OR 17,328 WOUNDED! BUT, NOBODY WAS CALLING HIM YELLOW...

THE SKIPPER'S GOT YA IN FOR
SOME MEDALS, LEMON! I
GUESS WE WERE WRONG ABOUT
YOU!

IT DOESN'T
MATTER NOW,
DUGAN!

END

WAR LIFE INSURANCE

During my first week as a war prisoner at Dornstadt, Colonel Hans Gutterman sent for me to make matters clear.

"You are the highest ranking officer among our allied prisoners of war. Life here is not too difficult. But I know human nature. With the border of Switzerland only an hour's distance by fast driving, ideas will come into the minds of the prisoners. They will plan to escape. And do their best to tunnel underneath the walls to get to the outside.

Assuming what is most improbable that they reach outside. We will track them down and kill them. And if we catch them here, they will be put up against the wall and executed. Have I made myself clear?"

"You certainly have, Colonel," I replied. "All I can do is to convey this to the rest of the men."

"Colonel Foley," he continued. "I understand you are a very good chess player. I would be honored if you could spend some of your evenings here as my guest over the chessboard."

So about four evenings a week we played chess. From his attitude towards me one could not judge that our countries were locked in a war to the end. It was on a Monday that I was out in the courtyard. With Captain Jim Barnett and Lieutenant Frank Angold at my sides.

"Every room is bugged," I informed them. "Get that to the rest of the men. But only outside here. If there is anything important to discuss, don't take a chance."

The food was fairly good. And we had time for sports and other activities. Then two weeks later I walked with Sergeant Donald Hillman and several other men.

"Let me see your hands," I suddenly said to him. "act as though you were going to light my cigarette."

He was puzzled but he followed my order. Then I looked very seriously at him.

"I suggest that if you insist on digging that tunnel, at least clean the dirt from your fingernails. An observant prison guard may notice it."

The word was passed on to the men. They were most thankful to me. We were all resting at the side of the wall. Nobody was around us when I spoke in a low tone of voice to them.

"I am not going to order you to stop digging the tunnel. I also want to escape with you. The weather

report says that for the next week there will be an easterly strong wind blowing. Now keep that in mind when you get rid of the earth from below."

We continued our chess games. The Colonel spoke to me for the first time about his military background.

"I come from a Junker family," he said. "One of my ancestors was a General under Frederick the Great. And we fought with honor and distinction in every war. What about you?"

"I am the first military man in my family as far as I know," I sighed. "I regret I can't match your military background."

I didn't sleep too well that night. He may have been trying to tell me something. But what? And the next week I knew from the men that they were near the outside wall. I had something to tell them.

"Be very careful from now on. Inch by inch you dig. They have booby traps set up with hand grenades. I don't want you to be killed."

"You must have a private crystal ball to look out for us," grinned one of the men.

Then on a bright Thursday morning I heard the siren blow three times. All of the prisoners-except myself-were rounded up. They were put against the wall.

"I will have you all shot for trying to escape," thundered Colonel Hans Gutterman.

"No you won't," I snapped back at him producing a Luger from inside my shirt. "Tell your men to drop their machine guns. Otherwise I will kill you. They will not be hurt."

My men were soon well armed. We wrecked all communication lines. Then got into trucks. With Colonel Hans Gutterman at my side in an official Nazi car. We made the Swiss Border in record time. And I took him across with me.

"Thank you for taking me with you," he smiled. "You must have figured something was up. Especially when I left you alone in my office with important papers. And even left a Luger around in the hall for you to steal. You see, I was in the plot to kill Hitler and save our country. I received a tip the SS were on their way for me. So your plan to escape was my life insurance."

NIGHTMARE IN THE CARIBBEAN

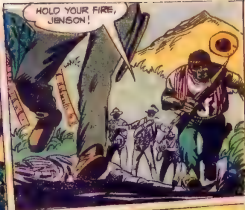
THERE WAS BITTER FIGHTING IN LE REPUBLIQUE D'HAÏTI (THE REPUBLIC OF HAITI) IN THE SEVENTY YEARS FROM 1844 TO 1914! THEN, U.S. PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON SENT 2,000 MARINES INTO THE ISLAND NATION BECAUSE HE FEARED OTHER NATIONS MIGHT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HER WEAKNESS! THEY WERE THERE TO SUPPORT THE HAITIAN GOVERNMENT ... AND THERE WAS BITTER FIGHTING WHEN THEY FIRST LANDED! SGT. MILES CURTIN WAS DETAINED TO DRIVE THE INSURGENTS OUT OF A SUGAR MILL OUTSIDE DESARMES!



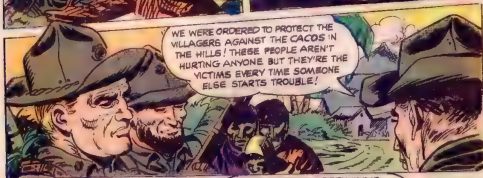


THEY AIN'T GIVIN' UP, SARGE!

I NOTICED THAT, MYSELF!



HOLD YOUR FIRE, JENSON!



WE WERE ORDERED TO PROTECT THE VILLAGERS AGAINST THE CACOS IN THE HILLS! THESE PEOPLE AREN'T HURTING ANYONE BUT THEY'RE THE VICTIMS EVERY TIME SOMEONE ELSE STARTS TROUBLE!

SGT. CURTIN DIDN'T PARLEY-YOUS! THE KIND OF FRENCH THE VILLAGE HEAD MAN SPOKE BUT THEY UNDERSTOOD EACH OTHER WITH SIGN LANGUAGE AND GESTURES...

WHAT'S HE SAYIN', SARGE?

HE SAYS THE CHILDREN IN THE VILLAGE ARE STARVING! THE REBELS RAN OFF MOST OF THE LIVE STOCK AND THEY'RE AFRAID TO GO INTO THE FIELDS FOR VEGETABLES OR THE JUNGLE FOR FRUIT!

THE FIRST THING WE'RE GONNA DO IS SEE THAT THESE PEOPLE GET FOOD!

THEY DIDN'T SEND US HERE TUH BABY-SIT THESE PEOPLE!

I GOT A WIFE AN' KIDS HOME, CONRAD... I WOULDN'T LIKE THEM TO GO HUNGRY...THESE PEOPLE GOT RIGHTS TOO!



SGT. CURTIN
SENT MARINES
WITH MEN FROM THE
VILLAGE... THEY
PICKED FOOD FROM
THE FIELDS... AND
THEY HELPED THE
MEN CATCH PIGS
WHICH HAD GOTTEN
OUT OF THE PENS!

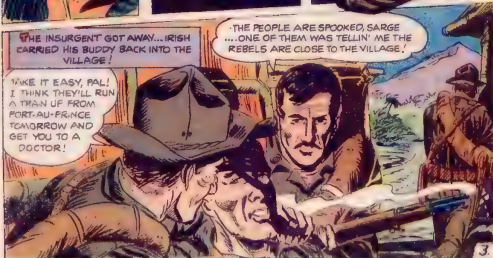
HAHAHAHA THAT AIN'T NO WAY
TO CATCH A PIG, IRISH!



THE INSURGENT GOT AWAY... IRISH
CARRIED HIS BUDDY BACK INTO THE
VILLAGE!

THE PEOPLE ARE SPOOKED, SARGE
...ONE OF THEM WAS TELLIN' ME THE
REBELS ARE CLOSE TO THE VILLAGE!

TAKE IT EASY, PAL!
I THINK THEY'LL RUN
A TRAIN UP FROM
PORT-AU-PRINCE
TOMORROW AND
GET YOU TO A
DOCTOR!



WE'RE GONNA MAKE A NIGHT PATROL....WE'LL FIND THE CLOWN WHO SHOT MAX!

I DON'T LIKE GOIN' OUT THERE IN **BROAD DAYLIGHT**, SARGE!

ALL THEM SPIDERS AN' SNAKES! I'M NOT GONNA... ULP!

YA WANTA TANGLE WITH A FEW BUGS AN' SNAKES OR ME, BOOT?

SGT. CURTIN LED THREE MARINES OUT OF THE VILLAGE WHEN DARKNESS SET IN THE VILLAGE! THEIR NERVES WERE TAUT...IN THE HILLS, VOOODOO DRUMS THROBBED ..

SPREAD OUT...WE'RE GONNA CREEP UP ON THEM!

BOOM
BOOM
BOOM

NO NOISE... IF WE GET JUMPED, USE BAYONETS AND RIFLE BUTTS!

HODY COW, THEY GOT A MACHINE-GUN! IF THEY TURN THAT ON THE VILLAGERS, THEY'LL WIPE THEM OUT!

THEY WON'T...WE'RE TAKING THAT M.G. BACK WITH US WHEN WE LEAVE!

BOOM BOOM BOOM

THEY HAD
HAND GRENADES...
...SGT CURTIN
WHISPERED HIS
ORDERS AND AT
HIS SIGNAL THEY
HURLED THEM...IN-
TO THE BRUSH
AROUND THE FIRE...
NOT CLOSE ENOUGH
TO KILL ANY
INSURGENTS!



I GOT THE
MACHINE
GUN, SARGE!

AND I GOT THE
GUY WHO BROUGHT
IT TO THEM! LET'S
GO!

WE'LL SHIP THIS
GUY AND OUR WOUND-
ED DOWN TO PORT-
AU-PRINCE TOMORROW
WHEN THE TRAIN
COMES!

THE TRAIN WILL NEVER
COME, FOOL! YOU ARE
SURROUNDED.... CUT OFF...
YOU ARE DOOMED!



IN THE MORNING THE NARROW GAUGE TRAIN STARTED FROM PORT-AU-PRINCE, TRAVELING ALONG THE COAST! THE INSURGENTS SABOTAGED IT JUST SOUTH OF DESARMES.

THEY BUSHWACKED
US.



THE MARINES IN DESARMES WERE CUT OFF....BUT NOT FOR LONG! IN PORT-AU-PRINCE, THERE WAS SOMETHING NEW....AN ARMORED CAR, VERY ADVANCED FOR THAT ERA!

GET THROUGH TO DESARMES, SERGEANT! CURTIN AND THE OTHERS NEED MEDICAL SUPPLIES AND REINFORCEMENTS! STAY THERE AS LONG AS YOU'RE NEEDED!



THE INSURGENTS HAD ARMED MEN ON THE COAST ROAD....BUT BULLETS COULDN'T STOP THE MARINES' FIRST ARMORED CAR!

THERE'S A BUNCH ON THE OTHER SIDE.... GET THEM!



WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN!

WE CANNOT FIGHT AGAINST SUCH MONSTERS! OUR CAUSE IS LOST!

YOU DIDN'T LOSE, BUDDY!

FROM WHAT I HEAR, WE'RE GONNA STAY AROUND TO SEE SOME SCHOOLS ARE BUILT AND ROADS BUILT INTO THE INTERIOR AND HOSPITALS PUT UP! YOU PEOPLE NEED HELP AND WE'RE HERE TO GIVE IT!

The end.

THE DAY TIME RAN OUT

THE COMRADE GUNNER LIFTED HIS AUTOMATIC WEAPON AND SQUEEZED OFF A BURST... THE SLUGS THUD-THUDDED INTO CPL. JOE EBERTE'S CHEST! AND HIS LAST THOUGHT WAS "I HAD A HUNCH IT WOULD END LIKE THIS!"

THAT'S
FINISH!
HE'S ALL
OFF!

I'D LOVE TO LIVE
LONG ENOUGH TO
FIX HIM!

KEEPING THAT AIR AUTOMATIC WAS THE HARDEST WORK JOE EBERTE HAD EVER DONE BUT INCH BY INCH HE PULLED IT
IT WASN'T LONG

BOOM!
BOOM!



HEY, CORP,
YA WIPED THEM
OUT!

YEAH... I (COUGH)
SHOULD'VE DID IT
BEFORE THEY...
(GASP) GOT ME!



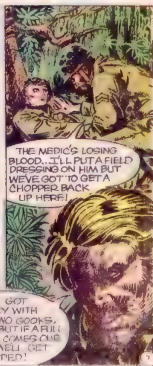
YOU WEREN'T EVEN SCRATCHED... THE
SLUGS FLATTED ON THE NEW BULLET
PROOF VEST THEY MADE YA WEAR!

HUH?
I FORGOT
I HAD
IT ON!



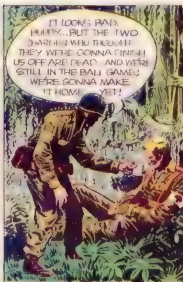
FIND
ANY HOLES,
CORP?

I'LL BET I'VE GOT SOME
CRACKED RIBS... BUT
THE BULLETPROOF VEST
REALLY SAVED MY LIFE!



THE MEDIC'S LOSING
BLOOD... I'LL PUT A FIELD
DRESSING ON HIM BUT
WE'VE GOT TO GET A
CHOPPER BACK
UP HERE!

YOU GOT
LUCKY WITH
THOSE TWO GOOKS,
CORP... BUT IF A FULL
PATROL COMES ONE
WAY, WE'LL GET
ZAPPED!

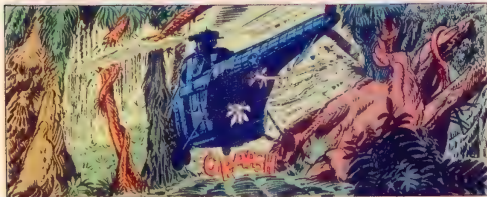


THAT WAS MORNING... THEY WERE WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD BUT THEY ATE SOME RATIONS EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE IN PAIN!



FIVE MARINES...FOUR OF THEM WOUNDED,
THE FIFTH WITH A BATTERED CHEST...AND
NO ONE KNEW THEY WERE THERE! WHY? WHAT
HAD HAPPENED? WHAT ABOUT THE MARINE
HELICOPTER ASSIGNED TO EVACUATE THE
WOUNDED? TWO HOURS EARLIER, IT HAD AIR-
LIFTED TWO WOUNDED TO A BASE HOSPITAL AND...

I CAN AIRLIFT
THEM IN TWO TRIPS,
DOC! IT'S GETTING
HAIRY UP THERE!



THEY WERE WAITING FOR A
CHOPPER THAT WOULDN'T ARRIVE
... COLDER, HUNGRIER, AND
WITH LESS HOPE BY THE
MINUTE...

I WISH
CHARLIE WOULD
COME AND GET
IT OVER
WITH!

WISH FOR
YOURSELF
DUMMY... I'M NOT
TIRED OF
LIVIN'!

I'VE GOT
EIGHT ROUNDS
OF AWWO LEFT
... IT LOOKS LIKE
WE BOUGHT
THE FARM!

I GOT
THIS
GRENADE...
I WON'T DIE
LONESOME!

I CAN BLAST
A COUPLE IF
THEY GET CLOSE
ENOUGH, JOE!

THE AIR FORCE WAS FLYING SUPPORT
MISSIONS OVER THE JUNGLE. BELOW
THEM, THE MARINES FOUGHT THE VIET
CONG AND THE NORTH VIET NAMESE
REGULARS!





NO MARINES
DOWN THERE,
ARTIE!
LET'S GO BACK
AND SWEEP
ACROSS THAT
RIDGE!

ARTIE... SOME OF OUR
GUYS DOWN THERE...
THEY LOOK LIKE
THEY'RE
WOUNDED!

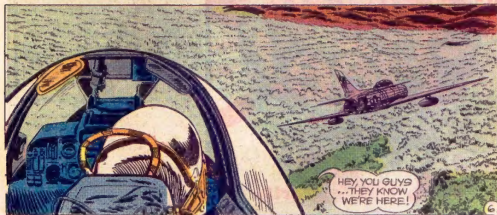


ONE OF THE PILOTS SLOW-
ROLLED... LOOKING DOWN
THROUGH HIS PLEXIGLASS
CEILING HE SAW THEM...

INSTANTLY, THEY WHIPPED AROUND AND CAME
BACK... THEIR GUN SWITCHES ON, TWO PRO-
FESSIONALS SCANNING THE DENSE JUNGLE
FOR THE ENEMY!



COMMIES ON NORTH
SIDE OF HILL NEAREST
THOSE GUYS! HOSE 'EM
DOWN, JEFF!



HEY, YOU GUYS
...THEY KNOW
WE'RE HERE!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

THEN THE JETS WERE
RUNNING LOW ON FUEL...
THEY MADE ONE MORE PASS,
ROCKED THEIR WINGS, AND
HEADED SOUTH!

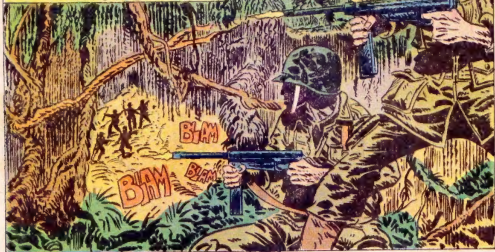
CALLING ALL
FRIENDLIES. GOT
FIVE MARINES EAST
OF MGR ABOUT EIGHT
MILES NORTH OF
CHANG LI! THEY
NEED HELP TILL
THE MEDICS
GET 'EM OUT!



THE SURVIVORS
OF THE COMMIE
PATROL HAD
REACHED THE
RIDGE...NOW THEY
SPOTTED THE
MARINES!
THERE
WERE
NINE OF
THEM...



THE COMMIES KNEW THEY HAD ONE
HEALTHY MARINE ONLY TO FACE...
SO THEY CHARGED!!



THE CHOPPER CAME THEN...A BIGGER
ONE...ABLE TO AIRLIFT FIVE SCARED
MARINES BACK TO DOCTORS, FOOD,
AND WARMTH!

